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Miss Ruth Shirk of Chicago will again have charge of the trimming in the Millinery Department and will have ready a full and elegant display of Trimmed Hats with Style, Material and Price to suit all.

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Will be in charge of Miss Stella Murvin of Grand Rapids, a lady of extended experience in this line, who will on these days show a full line of

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What's In A Name?

Sometimes There Is a
Lot of Trouble

By F. A. MITCHEL

Caspar Kneibitz's great-grandfather was a German. He was not a Prussian nor a warrior, but a Hanoverian and a professor. Indeed, the old fellow was a bookworm, who, if a fly had attacked the tip of his nose, would have been too absorbed in his studies to have defended himself. And if the fly had succeeded in arresting his attention he would not have injured the intruder for the world. He would have opened a window and put it out.

His son, Caspar, was called to the chair of a university in France. Thenceforth the family became French. The men, of course, kept the German surname, but by the time the fourth Caspar Kneibitz came this was all the German there was about them. Not one of them could speak a word of German, and the third Kneibitz had given his life for France in the war of 1870.

When Germany advanced into Belgium to seize Paris, Caspar Kneibitz of the fourth generation, the hero of this story—if the word hero is a proper appellation—was twenty-one years old. He was only deterred from joining the colors by being so desperately in love with Hortense le Verrier that he was unable to tear himself away from her, though it must be admitted that if he had been able to master his own feelings sufficiently to leave her she would not have let him go.

For a Frenchman to have a German name accrued to his disadvantage as soon as the war broke out. Caspar Kneibitz was at last driven to part with his beloved Hortense on this account. When others had joined the colors and Caspar remained at home it was suspected that the reason he did not go to the war was because of German sympathies. When he came to know of this suspicion he was much pained. He told Hortense that he must not listen to the voice of love any longer and at once began to make preparations to go to the front.

Of course he met with great opposition. Hortense was sure that her life would be blighted. He tried to reassure her, but in vain. However, since the suspicions of his countrymen that he was loyal to a country he had never seen and of whose language he did not know a word had been aroused his resolution was taken.

In order to make the separation easier for his sweetheart he promised to write her a letter every day that it would be possible for him to write. Another thing she insisted on which would not likely be possible was that after every battle, if he came out alive, he telegraph her to that effect. Caspar fully realized the crowded conditions of the telegraph lines, especially immediately after a battle, and that they were under control of the government, but he had not the heart to make it known to the girl, thus denying her this crumb of comfort. However, not knowing what possibilities might arise, he drew up a cipher code by which he might add a few endearing words of information concerning himself.

It was decided by the lovers that they would be married before a separation that might last forever. The ceremony was performed privately with few persons present. Within a week after its conclusion Caspar departed for the front.

While Caspar's loyalty to France was not questioned by those who knew him personally, his name at once excited suspicion in strangers. He had scarcely broken away from the clinging Hortense and gained his regiment before he began to be looked upon as a possible German sympathizer, though why he should be in the French army if he was loyal to Germany was not explained. Truth is that many a man loyal to France or England who had German blood in his veins experienced a like suspicion.

Caspar joined the army as a private and would have been promoted had it not been for his German name. Several times he distinguished himself, and, officers immediately above him having been killed off, there were vacancies. But when it came to a question of filling them and Caspar was proposed his name caused his rejection.

"What! Lieutenant Caspar Kneibitz to command Frenchmen? Impossible!" Of course Caspar knew nothing of this; he only knew that when vacancies occurred he was not promoted. It did not trouble him, for his heart was with his dear Hortense, and all he desired was that the war should be ended and he might return to her.

As luck would have it, Caspar found a friend, an operator in the military telegraph department. One day when he was feeling very homesick Caspar went to the office and asked his friend to send a dispatch for him. No fighting was going on at the time, and the telegraph was not very busy, so the friend told the lover that if he would leave his message with him he would endeavor to smuggle it through between messages for the government. Caspar left his message, which the operator put on file without looking at it and when a convenient time for sending it arrived took it up for the purpose.

He was surprised to see that it was in cipher. Not feeling at liberty to send a cipher message, the operator laid it aside. When Caspar came again to inquire if it had been sent and was told that it was held because it was in cipher Caspar looked so disappointed and begged so hard that it be put over the wires that his friend promised to do so, though he feared trouble would result. Caspar assured him that there was nothing in the dispatch that would be of the slightest injury to France, and this turned the scale.

M. Larrabee, deputed to examine telegrams received in Paris, was sitting at his desk when an operator handed him Caspar's dispatch. The moment he read the name of the person to whom it was addressed and noticed that the message was in cipher his face assumed the expression of one who had unearthed an announcement to German sympathizers that Paris was about to be attacked by a hundred Zeppelins.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Do the enemy send cipher messages to their spies in Paris over our telegraph lines?"

To Mme. Kneibitz, 31 Rue Pomponnet. Could there be better evidence that this message is intended for one of the horde of German spies in our midst, who are watching our every act? Taking up a telephone receiver, he called up the officer in charge of the military telegraph and informed him of the message, stating that he did not doubt that it had been surreptitiously sent in the expectation that it would be delivered by some one in the telegraph department who was working secretly in the German interest. Colonel Bombardier, the officer telephoned, directed that the dispatch be sent to him and, after receiving and examining it, called a council of war to decide what to do in the premises.

When the council assembled experts in interpreting cipher telegrams were introduced and began the work of translating it. This was not easy to do, for it consisted in certain sentences which doubtless had a meaning for the receiver. However, the experts, not daring to acknowledge that they could make nothing of it, gave a possible translation, admitting that they could not vouch for its correctness.

The meaning they placed upon it was that it announced a meeting of the German spies in Paris to receive one high in the German secret service. Meanwhile Hortense was arrested and taken to Colonel Bombardier's office, where she was kept in an ante-room awaiting the result of the work of the experts. In time she was called in to face an array of men who looked ready to send her to the gallows.

"Frau Kneibitz," said the colonel. "Do you speak French?"

"I don't speak any other language," was the meek reply.

"Do not try to deceive me. You are German, as your name indicates. A dispatch in cipher addressed to you has been intercepted. It is an announcement that an officer of high rank in the German secret service is coming to Paris to meet the spy corps in Paris."

This was said because if it were the true interpretation of the dispatch the young woman would likely collapse. She did no such thing. She simply looked at her accusers wonderfully.

"Who is Caspar?" asked the colonel severely.

"Monsieur, he is my husband. Has anything happened to him?" she asked, pining.

"You play your part well, but it will not serve."

"Have you a dispatch from him to me? Oh, give it to me!"

After a conference it was decided to read the dispatch aloud to her. The colonel began with the first sentence, "The weather is very fine," and asked her what it meant. She did not need the key to tell him; she knew it by heart.

"I am well," she replied.

The second sentence read was, "Yesterday it was hot."

Hortense, somewhat abashed, replied, "Sweetheart, I love you."

The members of the council looked at one another incredulously.

Again, "We are expecting cooler weather tomorrow."

"That means a thousand kisses," replied the bride, dropping her eyes to the floor.

"This climate is trying."

"I shall never see you again till France is victorious."

"The mud is very deep."

"Goodbye, sweetheart. I shall love you forever."

Several of the men who had been impressed with Hortense's reticence, hoarse and, above all, that she was essentially French smiled. Colonel Bombardier's countenance assumed a shamefaced expression. He stood with the dispatch in his hand wondering what next to do.

"Colonel," said one of the council, "you've struck what they call in America 'a mare's nest.'"

"The case," said the colonel, maintaining an official tone, "will be better examined into by a woman. I shall send Mme. Kneibitz to Mme. Leblanc, head of our woman's detective bureau, and if she reports favorably the prisoner will be discharged."

Mme. Leblanc, instead of assuming the pomposity of the officers, began by soothing the poor little bride and soon discerned that she was wrapped up in her husband and had no other concern. Hortense produced the cipher code, and Mme. Leblanc saw that every sentence in it was nothing more than a love message. Then she reported to Colonel Bombardier, who pigeonholed the matter.

When Hortense wrote an account of the affair Caspar Kneibitz applied to his superior to be entered on the army roster as Charles Nightingale.

FIVE DAYS OF HARNESS HORSE RACING AT FAIR

Program Is Announced by
General Manager Dickinson

G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the Michigan State Fair, announces that the race meeting, which will be held on the half mile track the first five days of the exposition, opening on Labor Day, will attract practically all of the trotters and pacers which are campaigning on Michigan half mile tracks as well as speedy equines from Ohio, Indiana and other nearby states.

Five Early Closing Events.—The State Fair meeting consists of five early closing \$1,000 events and a number of \$500 late closing purses. All races will be three in five heats on American rules, which strikes the fairgoers as the right thing.

The \$1,000 events attracted a lot of good horses; many of them having raced in the short ship circuit early meetings. The entry is as follows:

2:28 trot, purse \$1,000—Belle McKee, Belle of Miami, Comet, Doris Watta, Billy Sunday, Dunrod, Elsie D., Rex Sheriff, Heartless, Jim Thorpe, John Redmond, Lauck Todd, Little Grove, Isworth McKinney, Marion K., Pearl Thorpe, Royal Heart, Sillock, Slater Peter, Skanlin, The Torrent, Walnut Grove, H. Curcio, Yazoo.

2:10 trot, purse \$1,000—Ann Cecil, Banker Blingen, Doris Watta, Elsie D., Fancy Harkaway, George N. Patterson, Helen Wistlar, Jenny E., Jim Thorpe, Lena Moko, Little Grove, Petrena, Rala Hall, Richard Hunter, Ruth Sandalwood, Satah Douglas, Shanklin, Sillock, Royal Heart, Walnut Grove, Alleroid.

2:24 pace, purse \$1,000—Alleen Dillon, Bertha Walsh, Brook Axworthy, Crystal Knight, Elise Onward, Colleen, Haley C., Hester S., Martin B., Marion Ashley, Marion Walker, Morgan Worthing, Miss Primus, Mookson, Muscle Shell, Sallot Rediac, Simcoe Patchen, Star Bond, Thistle, Patch, Tempest, William Shive.

2:18 pace, purse \$1,000—Anna G., Baron Hart, Baronwood, Baron Alltell, Beecher Boy, Brook Axworthy, Canute, Gayton Girl, G. C. W., John Alstrath, Joie B., Mary Walker, Muscle Shell, Prince Henry, Prince B., Primus, William Shive, Hester S.

2:18 pace, purse \$1,000—A. D. C., Daisy H., Eel Direct, Glenwood, Lee Grand, Lord Seymour, Main Lane, Mary Rosaline Parr, Maggie Love, Rose Equity, Ruby K., Tommy Frisco.

Other Events Announced.

The \$500 purse events close Aug. 22 and will be for the following classes: Trotting—2:30, 2:22, 2:19, 2:16, 2:12 and 2:10. Pacing—2:22, 2:20, 2:16, 2:14, 2:10 and 2:08.

Consolation races for non-winners.



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Young Men Entered In State Fair Body Building Contest



LEFT TO RIGHT, LEE FAIRBANKS, J. HAGERMAN, CLARE FINN, H. R. MILATZ, JAMES HOGAN, DENNIS CARNEY AND FOSTER WALKER, ALL OF DETROIT.

THE body building contest which is being conducted under the auspices of the Michigan State Fair has attracted the attention of people residing in all sections of the state, and entries were received by men and women who are making an effort to improve their physical condition. The above photograph shows a group of seven Detroiters who are competing for the prizes offered by G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the exposition, which will be held at Detroit Sept. 4 to 13. The prize winners will be announced during the Fair.

Mr. Dickinson announces that a "physique beautiful" contest is also to be conducted by the State Fair management, and entry blanks may be secured upon application. Suitable prizes will be offered to the men and women whose bodies are declared by competent judges to be most perfect. Photographs and measurements are to be submitted by the contestants.

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DETROIT

Newest Dresses

We can show some attractive styles in

Children's Fall Dresses

ranging in size from -2 to 6. These dresses are made of gingham, percales and flannels. The prices are

29c, 39c, and 59c

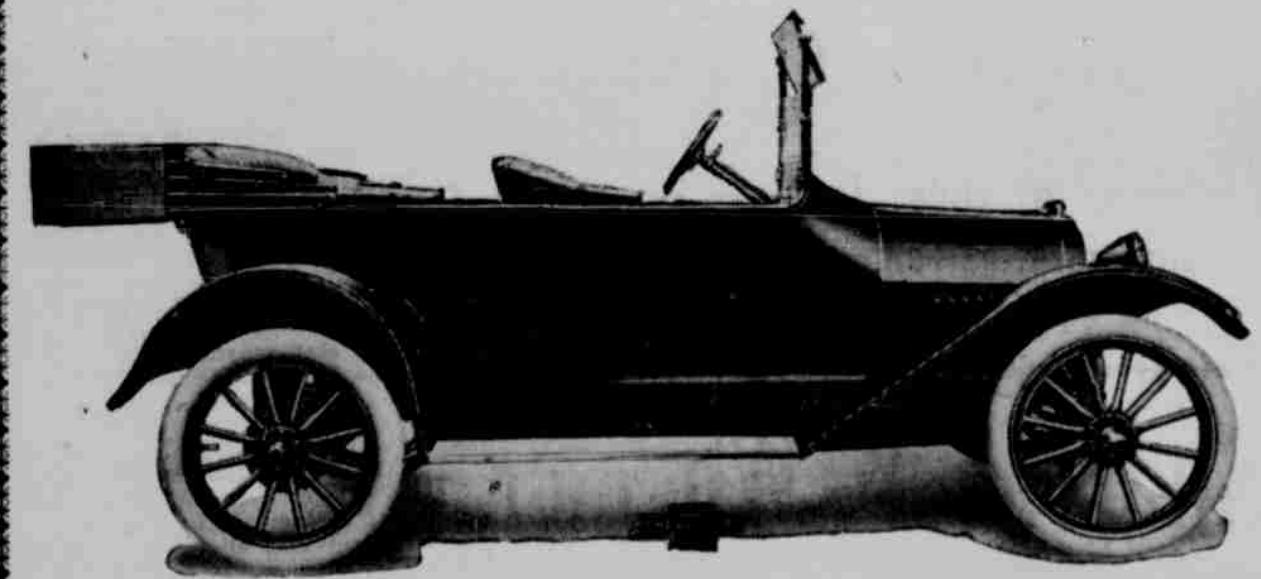
SPECIAL

Our line of Overalls—Spade and Club and Stifle Stripe Brands—will be closed out at cost beginning September 1st, 1916

Welch

THE BAZAAR MAN

Chevrolet Touring Car or Roadster \$490



ANNOUNCEMENT

On August 28, 1916 the Chevrolet Motor Co. of Michigan will sell the 490 model Touring Car or Roadster complete with starter and lights, f. o. b. Flint, for

\$490.00

We are able to make this price because of our factory equipment and production. There is no alteration in our cars, No Cut in Quality.

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Fill your home atmosphere with exquisite lasting fragrance— ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

The great French perfume, winner of highest international awards. Each drop as sweet and fragrant as the living Lilac blossom. A celebrated connoisseur said: "I don't see how you can sell such a remarkable perfume for 75 cents a bottle—and remember each bottle contains 6 oz.—it is wonderful value. Try it. Ask your dealer today for ED. PINAUD'S LILAC. For 10 cents our American office will send you a testing bottle. Write today. PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept M ED. PINAUD Bldg., New York